

THE YOUNG MORALIST.

you a roof to cover her? Have you food to support her? You are a servant, you have nothing. Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are not in a condition to keep a wife and family.—I have hands, replied Perrin, I have health and strength; a man who loves his wife never wants employment; and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta! Hitherto I have gained eight pounds every year; I have saved twenty; they will defray the expences of the wedding. I will work more diligently; my savings will augment; I shall be able to take a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life; why may I not succeed as well as they?—Very true, Perrin, you are young, you may wait yet for some time; when I find you are a rich man, my daughter is your's; but till then make me no more such absurd and romantic proposals.

Perrin could obtain no other answer; he ran to meet Lucetta; she soon found he was deeply affected with his disappointment; she read on his face the tidings he was going to announce. My father then has refused you! Ah, Lucetta, how unhappy I am to have

* This is too much the language of fathers in the present day; a prudent care is necessary, but riches procure not happiness.

been

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been born poor! But I have not lost a my situation may change: your I would have spared no pains to procure comfortable subsistence; will not you do as much, to have the happiness of possessing you? We shall yet be united, will not quit the delightful prospect. I jure you to keep your heart for me; remember you have pledged it to me. Show your father propose a match for you, I That is the only misfortune I can fear compliance would terminate my life could I, Perrin, marry any one but you if I am not your wife, I will be the noother man upon earth.

They held this conversation as they along the road, but night advancing, them to quicken their pace. The evening dark; Perrin's foot hit against something on the road, and he fell. He searched for the occasion of his fall; he finds it; 'tis a bag; he takes it up; and curious to see what it contains, he goes with Lucetta to a field, where a fire which the peasants had lighted in the day-time was yet burning. The light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds gold in it. What do I see, cried he? Ah, Perrin, you are become rich! It is possible, replied Perrin, that it is now in my power to possess you? Can Heaven have been so pitious to our love as to bestow upon

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